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SIXPENCE.

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OUR NEW ALLY—ROUMANIA'S FINE CAVALRY: A TROOPER OF THE REGULAR ARMY "HEAVIES."

Roumanians take special pride in their cavalry, who are numerous, well equipped, and capably trained, besides being well horsed. Roumania is, in fact, the only Balkan State so provided. The cavalry are divided into regular, or "heavy," horse; and yeomanry, or "light horse," organised for service either as brigades or independently.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

ROUMANIA JOINS THE ALLIES: SOLDIERS OF A HIGHLY-TRAINED AND WELL-EQUIPPED ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



COMPLETELY SUPPLIED WITH A WEAPON OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE ON THE MODERN BATTLEFIELD: A ROUMANIAN INFANTRY MAXIM SQUAD.



TROOPS ON WHOSE SPECIAL EXCELLENCE THE ROUMANIANS PRIDE THEMSELVES: A CAVALRY REGIMENT IN LINE.



BATTERIES WITH WHICH CAVALRY BRIGADES ARE EQUIPPED: A HORSED MAXIM SECTION GALLOPING TO THE FRONT.



ROUMANIAN FIELD ARTILLERY, ARMED WITH THE LATEST MODEL KRUPP GUNS: A BATTERY ON THE LINE OF MARCH.



READY TO DO THEIR PART IN BATTLE ON THE HUNGARIAN PLAINS: ONE OF THE CAVALRY MACHINE-GUN SECTIONS.



STURDY MARCHERS, KEEN MARKSMEN, AND HARDY SOLDIERS: INFANTRY IN FIELD KIT PASSING A SALUTING POINT.



IN ACTION DURING AN ATTACK IN THE OPEN: A CAVALRY MAXIM-GUN DETACHMENT AT FIELD-FIRING.

The Roumanian Army in the First Line for field service, on mobilisation comprises 6 Army Corps and independent cavalry divisions, with artillery and departmental corps attached, numbering in total upwards of 300,000 men. In the Second Line, or Reserve, are 40 battalions of territorials, with 9 artillery batteries. These are enrolled on general mobilisation in divisions to supplement the army corps. By calling up all available men at the time of the Balkan War of 1914, Roumania placed under the colours 600,000 men. The present numbers are estimated at 700,000 men. Each army corps consists of 2 infantry divisions and one or two reserve divisions, together with a cavalry brigade. Two infantry brigades, each comprised of 2 three-battalion regiments, and a chasseur or "rifle" battalion—13 battalions in all—constitute a division. Two cavalry brigades, each of 24 squadrons (or 4 regiments), make a cavalry division. As marksmen the Roumanian rifle battalions have a high reputation, while their cavalry are notably of excellent quality. The artillery is

organised in 4-gun batteries, on the French model, grouped in brigades each of 24 batteries (2 regiments) for the field artillery, with three howitzer batteries. Horse-artillery batteries are attached to each cavalry brigade. In addition, there are fortress-artillery companies, engineer battalions, pioneer companies, and the railway battalion. The infantry are armed with the Mannlicher magazine rifle, as used in the Austrian Army, and the cavalry with the Mannlicher carbine. The field and horse artillery batteries are armed with guns of 75-mm. calibre and of recent model. General Averescu, who at the moment is generally reported to be Commander-in-Chief, is a cavalry officer, like Lord French, of whom he is also stated to be a personal friend. General Averescu reorganised the Roumanian Army on modern lines a few years ago, and his abilities are well known in all European military circles. There is also a report that General Iliescu may be appointed Commander-in-Chief.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IF there is one modern fact for which I must confess an undiluted contempt, it is the fact that the infliction of pain or death is called punishment as long as it is inflicted on the poor and ignorant, and is only blamed as revenge when anyone wishes to inflict it on the wealthy and the strong. It is legal to strangle some miserable creature who has consented to a murder; but it is "vindictive" to shoot a great captain who has commanded a massacre. Pity I can understand, and punishment I can understand; but what are we to say of the servile topsy-turvydom which will punish the most pitiable object and pity a person on the ground that he has hitherto only been envied? Mrs. Swanwick, the Suffragist who has reappeared as a Pacifist, has recently declared that there must be no punishment for the responsible Prussian. She puts it specifically on the ground that they were promised, or promised themselves, the conquest of the whole world; and they have not got it. This, she says, will be punishment enough.

If I were to propose, to the group which is supposed to inspire the Pacifist propaganda, that a man who burgled their strong boxes or pilfered their petty cash should suffer no punishment beyond failing to get the money, they would very logically ask me if I was an Anarchist. If I proposed that anybody trying to knife or pistol another person should walk away and resume his daily amusements if the knife broke or the pistol missed fire, they would certainly ask me if I had contemplated the possibility of encouraging the employment of knives and pistols. Crime can be only insufficiently restrained when the alternative is between success and punishment. It could hardly be restrained at all if the alternative were only between success and failure; that is, between success and freedom—including freedom to try again. On these grounds I rather reluctantly accept the necessity of punishing the smaller sort of criminal; though I wish it were done in a less callous and insolent style. But if I am asked to punish every kind of robber except the robber baron, and every kind of cannibal except the King of the Cannibal Islands, I should immeasurably prefer, for my own spiritual good, to be an Anarchist altogether.

Now, the Prussian Junkers have never been anything else but robber barons; and the King of Prussia is to mere international murder exactly what the King of the Cannibal Islands would be to anthropophagy. The fact has long been recognised in the older civilisations of Europe; it only happens to be the first time that the fact has touched ourselves. We are asked to deal tenderly with the robber barons, apparently upon the old ground of hesitating, before damning a gentleman of such distinction; and with the King of the Cannibal Islands, apparently upon the old ground of the divinity that doth hedge a king—a remark originally put, appropriately enough in this connection, into the mouth of a usurper and an assassin. This is not Pacifism, nor even idealism of the crankiest kind; it is

a particularly crude and cowardly kind of snobbishness; and there would be infinitely more of the sense of human brotherhood in the most brutal human revenge.

But the theory that Germany (or the power that directs Germany) has been sufficiently humiliated by the failure of her attempt upon the civilised world can be tested in another and a very simple style, by asking whether even those who realise that they have lost this war have any sort of objection in principle to another war. The truth is that even the Prussian who surrenders surrenders more arrogantly, and even more menacingly, than anybody else triumphs. Thus Mr. Houston Chamberlain, the remarkable runaway Englishman who has had the privilege of proving in his own person that Germanism is a poison which can work on men of other blood, has written a new pamphlet called "Germany's War Aims," which notably illustrates these two parallel facts and their contrast. Chamberlain is quite sufficiently intelligent and well informed

"But in reality Germany has the means to say 'I,' and to enforce 'I': that is her war aim." Then, after the disclaimer I have already quoted, he adds: "But what must happen is the victorious maintenance of Germany's will against England's will; England's arrogance must be broken, humiliated; England must recognise that Germany is superior to her." And this, we are to remember, is not the pride but the moderation of Germany. This is how she will consent to compromise, not how she would prefer to triumph. This is not the formula in which she would assert her natural claim to destroy and remake mankind; these are the chastened terms in which she renounces it, at least for the time being. I add the last clause, for it is the most practical part of the matter. The extravagance of the passages I have quoted soars beyond the reach of satire; and the mildest thing that can be said about them is also the most important. And that is the fact that in all Chamberlain's words, moderate or immoderate, there is no suggestion that Germany should not strike again at the first opportunity; but the plainest possible intimation that it will be her duty to do so.

Now, I by no means sneer at the sentiment which would spare to a sinner any penalty beyond his own sorrow. I think it the worst and widest gap in the historical imagination of the moderns that they cannot realise the revolution wrought in this matter even by the official Christianity at which they are always jeering. I think it a colossal fact that the Church created a machinery of pardon, where the State could only work by a machinery of punishment. I think even the State might safely pardon a vast number of those it punishes; and if I were myself in contact with a burglar who was sorry for his burglary, I think it highly probable that

the burglar would escape. He cries aloud in despair that there is "nothing to wish for, nothing to hope for," not because Germany was ready "to begin war," but because she was not ready to end it by ending a good many other things as well. It is still the first clause in his simple Christian creed "to say 'I' and to enforce 'I.'" He only appeals for our sympathy because he has found it possible to say "I" (which does not seem so very difficult) but has found that "to enforce 'I'" is, comparatively speaking, the devil of a business. If such a philosopher despairs and gives himself up to the police, it is not in the least because he has failed as a moralist, but solely because he has failed as a burglar. So far from regarding his failure even as a sufficient punishment for his crime, he does not admit that there has been any crime, and therefore, very naturally and logically, will not admit that there has been any punishment. If in the face of such brazen insolence and impenitence, we permit the German Empire to escape and to strike again, I shall for once appear among the apologists of the Germans; for I really do not think that the Germans will be to blame.

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THE ANGLO-ITALIAN TRADE CONFERENCE AT PALLANZA, ON LAKE MAGGIORE: THE MEMBERS (INCLUDING MR. RUNCIMAN AND SIR RENNELL RODD) AT THEIR FINAL SITTING.

The conference was held in Comm. Capel Cure's villa at Pallanza from August 9 to 14, Great Britain being represented by Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Rennell Rodd, British Ambassador to Italy. Taking the seated figures round the table, the names are: Comm. Capel Cure, Mr. Runciman (on extreme left), Sir R. Rodd, Signor Arlotta (Minister of Railways and Merchant Marine), Signor de Nava (Minister of Industry and Commerce), Comm. Atolico, Signor Giuffrida, Signor Laviosa, and Count Rossini. Standing behind Comm. Atolico is Capt. Clement Jones (in uniform).

to know that, by this time, it is impossible for the Germans to crush altogether what they call (very absurdly) "the world-dominion of England." He therefore carefully insists that "even if Germany were armed for such undertakings, they would be neither in her practical interests nor in accord with her ideals." In other words, he sees that the largest and simplest of the ambitions of "Der Tag" is already hopeless.

What is his general view of German rights and duties in the universe and in the future? It is stated clearly enough: "If Germany is not conscious of having taken over from God a world-mission, . . . if it does not trust itself to accomplish more and other things than the little world-dominating island people . . . then there is nothing to wish for, nothing to hope for; and it was criminal folly to begin war instead of obediently submitting at the very outset to the 'world-powers,' England and Russia." It will be noted that Houston Chamberlain cheerfully confesses that the Germans did "begin war," and only admits it to be criminal on the supposition that it is folly; that is, that the Germans were not prepared to play their domineering part to its last extreme. Again, he says, in his queer metaphysical dialect,

OUR NEW ALLY: ROUMANIAN POLITICAL AND MILITARY LEADERS.

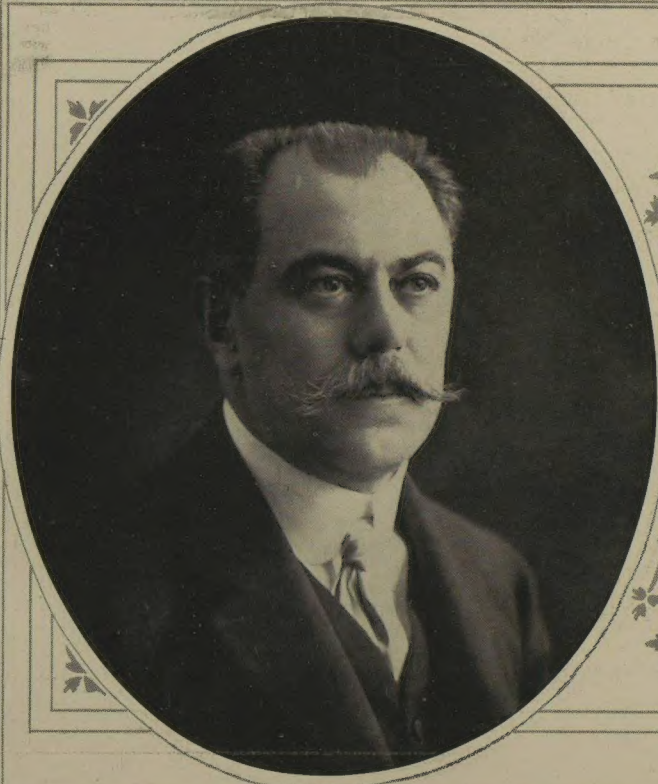
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIETTA; THAT OF M. FILIPESCU BY FOTOGLOB.



THE ROUMANIAN PREMIER AND MINISTER OF WAR:
M. JON J. C. BRATIANO.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROUMANIAN
ARMY: GENERAL AVERESCU.



A PRO-ALLIES LEADER OF THE ROUMANIAN IRREDENTIST PARTY:
M. NICU FILIPESCU.



A PRO-ALLIES LEADER OF THE ROUMANIAN IRREDENTIST PARTY:
M. TAKE JONESCU.

M. Bratiano is the son of another eminent statesman, M. Jon Bratiano, who was Premier for twelve years. The present Premier was born in 1866 and began life as a railway engineer, but later turned to politics and entered Parliament in 1895. In 1908 he became Leader of the Liberal Party and Prime Minister, remaining in power for two years. In 1913 he served in the Army, as a captain, during the invasion of Bulgaria. After the Treaty of Bucharest he returned to power as head of the present Liberal Government.—General Averescu, according to the "Evening Standard," is the new Commander-in-Chief of the Roumanian Army, which he reorganised nine years ago. At the moment of writing

General Iliescu has also been mentioned in connection with the chief command.—M. Filipescu and M. Jonescu are the two most prominent leaders of the Roumanian, Irredentists, who have all along strenuously advocated the cause of the Allies and Roumania's entry into the war on their side. M. Filipescu was formerly War Minister in a Conservative Government, and at the outset of the war became Leader of the Conservative Party. M. Jonescu entered Parliament in 1885 as a Liberal, but later became a Conservative, and for twenty years from 1888 onwards was in every Conservative Cabinet. In 1908 he founded the Liberal-Conservative Party.

OUR NEW ALLY: THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AND HER CHILDREN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E.N.A. AND MANDY.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA,
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF KING FERDINAND.

H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS: SECOND SON OF THE KING
OF ROUMANIA.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE, SECOND DAUGHTER
OF KING FERDINAND.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES, HEIR TO THE THRONE;
ELDEST SON OF KING FERDINAND.

H.M. QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA; WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS ILEANA,
HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

The Queen of Roumania is of British birth, being the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, who was also Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and a brother of King Edward the Seventh. Her Majesty is, therefore, a cousin of King George, which makes the alliance of King Ferdinand and his gallant countrymen a peculiarly gratifying fact. Our photographs show H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, born in 1894; Prince Nicholas, born in 1903; Princess

Marie, born in 1900; Prince Charles, who is Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, lieutenant, 1st Rifle Battalion, *à la suite* 18th "Vologda" Russian Infantry Regiment, and was born in 1893; and H.M. Queen Marie, one of the most beautiful royal ladies in Europe, with her youngest daughter, the Princess Ileana, born in 1909. Their Majesties have one more son, Prince Mircea, born in January 1913.

OUR NEW ALLY: "THE MOST ARDENT ANGLOPHILE IN EASTERN EUROPE."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANDY.



THE RULER OF ROUMANIA, WHICH HAS DECLARED WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: HIS MAJESTY KING FERDINAND.

King Ferdinand succeeded to the throne of Roumania on the death of his uncle, King Carol, on October 10, 1914. He was declared heir to the throne, with the title of Crown Prince, after his elder brother's renunciation of the succession, by a royal decree in 1889. About four years later, on January 10, 1893, he married Princess Marie, the eldest and most beautiful of the four daughters of the late Duke of Edinburgh (afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha), son of Queen Victoria. King Ferdinand is a Hohenzollern, but not of the same branch of that family as the Kaiser, and since his accession he

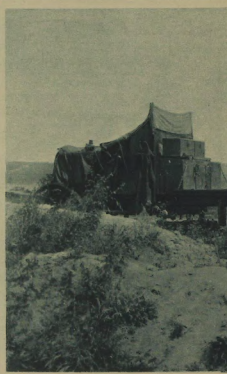
has shown no partiality for things German. On the other hand, his predilection for this country is very pronounced, and he has, of course, been a frequent visitor to our shores. A well-known Roumanian said of him last year: "King Ferdinand is probably the most ardent Anglophile in Eastern Europe, while the Queen, of course, as daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, is first cousin to King George. For this reason, as we say in Bucharest, 'roast beef is always to be found at the palace.'" King Ferdinand has three sons and three daughters. Prince Carol, the Crown Prince, was born in 1893.

THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE ON THE SOMME: TROOPS WHO

ALL BUT ONE, BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS: THE



MEN OF AN ENGLISH COUNTY REGIMENT THAT DEFEATED THE PRUSSIAN GUARD: GALLANT WILTSHIRES GOING TO THE FRONT.



GUARDING A MUNITION DEPOT ON THE BRITISH



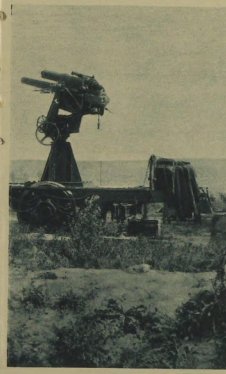
INGENUOUSLY IMPROVED UPHOLSTERY: OFFICERS OF A MOTOR MACHINE-GUN BATTERY RESTING ON ARM-CHAIRS MADE FROM RATION-BOXES.



BESIDE A NEAT PIECE OF TRENCH BRIDGING WORK: MEN

BEAT THE PRUSSIAN GUARD; AND OTHER WAR SCENES.

UPPER MIDDLE ONE, A FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



SOMME FRONT: A BRITISH MOTOR-MOUNTED GUN.



MEN OF AN ENGLISH COUNTY REGIMENT THAT DEFEATED THE PRUSSIAN GUARD: GALLANT WORCESTERS GOING TO THE FRONT.



IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES OVERHAULING THEIR RIFLES



THE MAYFURNAL "TUB" IN THE TRENCHES: A BRITISH OFFICER ENJOYING HIS MORNING SHOWER-BATH.

The defeat of the Prussian Guard before Thiepval was a brilliant incident in the recent fighting on our front. The splendid spirit and cheerful demeanour of the gallant men from two English shires, to whom the credit for the achievement is principally due, is very visible in the two photographs in the upper row above. An official despatch from General Headquarters of August 26 stated: "Last night [the enemy] delivered an attack in considerable force on our main trenches south of Thiepval village. This attack was made by troops of the Prussian Guard and was preceded by a very heavy bombardment, which commenced at 7 p.m. The attack was launched about 7.30 p.m. and was pressed with determination, but was everywhere repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy, and we have maintained all our positions. The success of our defence is largely due to the steadiness and determined gallantry of Wiltshire and Worcestershire men, who, in spite of being subjected to a very heavy bombardment, readily maintained their positions and repulsed the determined

assault of the enemy." In an inspiring account of the Thiepval success, and of the general spirit of the British troops, a "Times" correspondent writes: "It was supremely thrilling to watch, and the impression which it leaves on one is of mingled terror and admiration of the power and excellence of our new artillery and the perfect gallantry of our men. The men were from English counties—Wiltshire and Worcestershire—soldiers of an stout courage and as fine and knightly a spirit as had any man who ever fought. . . . One has seen a very great deal of the Army; of the troops as they went into and came out of the fighting line and of all the great machines with which such a war as this is waged. Never have I been more impressed with the quality of that machine. There is no shadow of a sign of staleness or of falling competence. The men . . . are fresh and fighting fit, full of health and jelling and laughter."

"THE PICKS HAVE STOPPED: CLEAR THE TRENCH!"—

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, FROM



WHEN A WARNING SILENCE UNDERGROUND INDICATES THAT THE GERMAN MINERS
EVACUATING A SECTION OF TRENCH

An illustration in our last number showed an enormous crater caused by a mine-explosion, resembling that of a volcano, with sides like a steep cliff. It was fifty to sixty yards across, and over a hundred feet deep. Naturally, the greatest precautions are taken to detect the enemy's mining operations. Our drawing shows the moment just after the order has been given: "The picks have stopped—clear the trench!" The troops are marching out laden with all the belongings they can carry. In the middle two men are seen listening, one with his ear to the ground, for the sound—or cessation of sounds—below the surface; while another is watching through a periscope for any signs of activity in the enemy's trenches. An officer describing such a scene says: "The sound of the pick can be heard in general distinctly and plainly from within the lowest dug-out, and the moment the sound ceases the order is

AVOIDING THE PERIL OF THE UNDERGROUND MINE.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER.



HAVE CEASED TUNNELLING, AND ARE PLACING THEIR EXPLOSIVES: BRITISH TROOPS
THREATENED BY A HOSTILE MINE.

given to evacuate the trench, when the Tommies will take all their goods and chattels with them, as then comes the placing of the powder." Listening is done in many cases by sinking a shaft in the direction of the sound. Mr. Philip Gibbs has told how a General said to him one day when he was going to visit the British lines: "You are in luck. Our miners down in the Bois de la Chapelle have heard the enemy's picks. They expect a mine to go up in half-an-hour or so. You had better get along and have a look at it." A mine explosion is usually followed by an infantry attack. A Reuter message said recently, regarding the Ypres district: "There has been an increase in the hand-to-hand fighting of late in this part of the line, due largely to the ever-growing practice of mine-springing. The craters formed are invariably the goals for a rush and a counter-rush." [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE ON THE SOMME: INFANTRY

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH (LONG-RANGE)



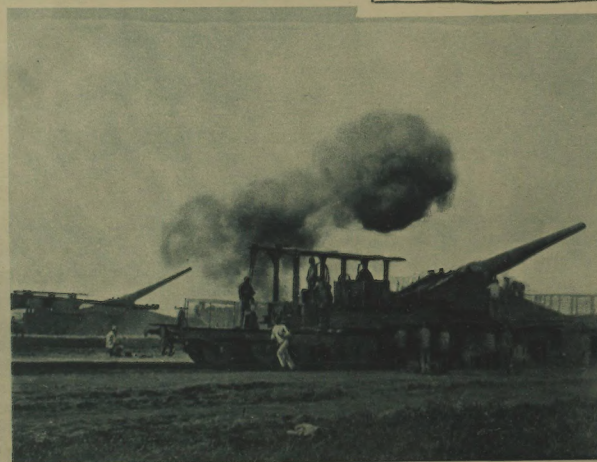
THE ÉLAN OF THE FRENCH INFANTRY: TROOPS OF THE "IRON DIVISION" ADVANCING THROUGH BARBED

ATTACKING; GUNS; HARVESTING; ARTILLERY INSTRUCTION.

GUNS); OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, ETC.



WIRE AT THE DOUBLE, TOWARDS A GERMAN POSITION KNOWN AS THE "GENDARME'S CAP," NEAR CURULU.



CONTINUALLY POUNDING GERMAN POSITIONS BEHIND THE FRONT: FRENCH HEAVY LONG-RANGE GUNS IN ACTION ON THE SOMME.



ANNAMITE TROOPS IN FRANCE EMPLOYED ON THE UP POTATOES



WAR HARVEST: WORKING A MACHINE FOR PLOUGHING ON A FARM.



A FRENCH ARTILLERY-INSTRUCTION SCHOOL BEHIND THE FRONT: MEN LEARNING HOW TO USE GUNS OF 120-MM. CALIBRE.

The French troops on the Somme have been making continual progress since the first victorious onrush. At the moment of writing, their latest success has been the capture of Maurepas and an advance beyond that village, since hindered by bad weather. An official communiqué of August 24 stated: "North of the Somme our troops . . . attacked the German positions in the Maurepas region, and, after carrying in one rush the part of the village which the enemy was still holding and the adjoining trenches, carried their line over 200 yards beyond, on a front of about one mile and a quarter. . . . We took 200 prisoners and captured 10 machine-guns." Later communiqués, of the 25th, said: "Our troops consolidated themselves during the night on the ground captured north and north-east of Maurepas. . . . On the Somme front we continued during the day our artillery fire on the German organisations. The number of prisoners captured by us during yesterday's fighting amounts at present to 600. Eight more machine-guns were found to-day in that part of Maurepas which we have

captured." The upper photograph on this page shows a typical scene at the opening of a French infantry attack in the Somme area. The troops advanced covered by the French artillery's barrage fire, which continued until they were climbing the opposite slope. The other three photographs illustrate various activities behind the French front. In one we see some of our Allies' heavy long-range guns keeping up their continual bombardment of the German positions and forces behind the enemy's first line. The incessant shower of big, high-explosive shells which the French guns of this type send over is doing a great deal to weaken and demoralise the enemy. Another photograph shows how the French artillery is constantly training new men to take their place at the front. In certain districts the French have employed their Annamite troops from the Far East on harvest work, owing to the shortage of labour caused by the war. Agriculturists as Annam natives are at home, the experiment should succeed.



THE TELL-TALE OIL PATCH: A GERMAN SUBMARINE ATTACKED BY A BRITISH AIRSHIP AND DESTROYERS, OFF DOVER.

This illustration is specially interesting as giving stay-at-home folk a glimpse of one of the many activities of our coast-watch squadron. It goes far, at the same time, to explain how it is that our transport and munition-ships are able to cross to and fro between England and France in safety; while food-ships for the people of these Isles arrive in port unharmed by the German "U"-boat menace—999 out of every 1000, practically. The British airship seen hovering overhead "spotted" an enemy

submarine. From high up in the air it is possible to see objects at some depth below the surface in fairly smooth water. The airship called up the two destroyers, which, catching the submarine in the act of surfacing, fired at it, whereupon the "U"-boat disappeared. The destroyers are now sailing to the spot, where they find a wide patch of oil on the surface of the water. The tell-tale oil enables the destruction of the submarine to be reported as "probable."

REORGANISED AND MOST EFFICIENT: THE SERBIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD.

SERBIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



IN ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE REORGANISATION: A SERBIAN "SOIXANTE-QUINZE" FIELD-GUN SHELLING THE BULGARIAN LINES.



CUTTING A MOUNTAIN ROAD TO AN ADVANCED CAMP ON THE FRONTIER: A SERBIAN REGIMENT ON PIONEER DUTY.



LENDING A HELPING HAND TO A BRITISH A.S.C. MOTOR-LORRY IN DIFFICULTIES: SERBIAN SOLDIERS HAULING THE VEHICLE TO FIRM GROUND.



A FRONTIER BATTLE IN PROGRESS: ONE OF THE SERBIAN MOUNTAIN GUNS SUPPLIED BY FRANCE IN ACTION.



IN WELL-SHELTERED VANTAGE GROUND BETWEEN BOULDERS: A HOTCHKISS AUTOMATIC GUN FIRING ON BULGARIANS AT SIX HUNDRED YARDS.

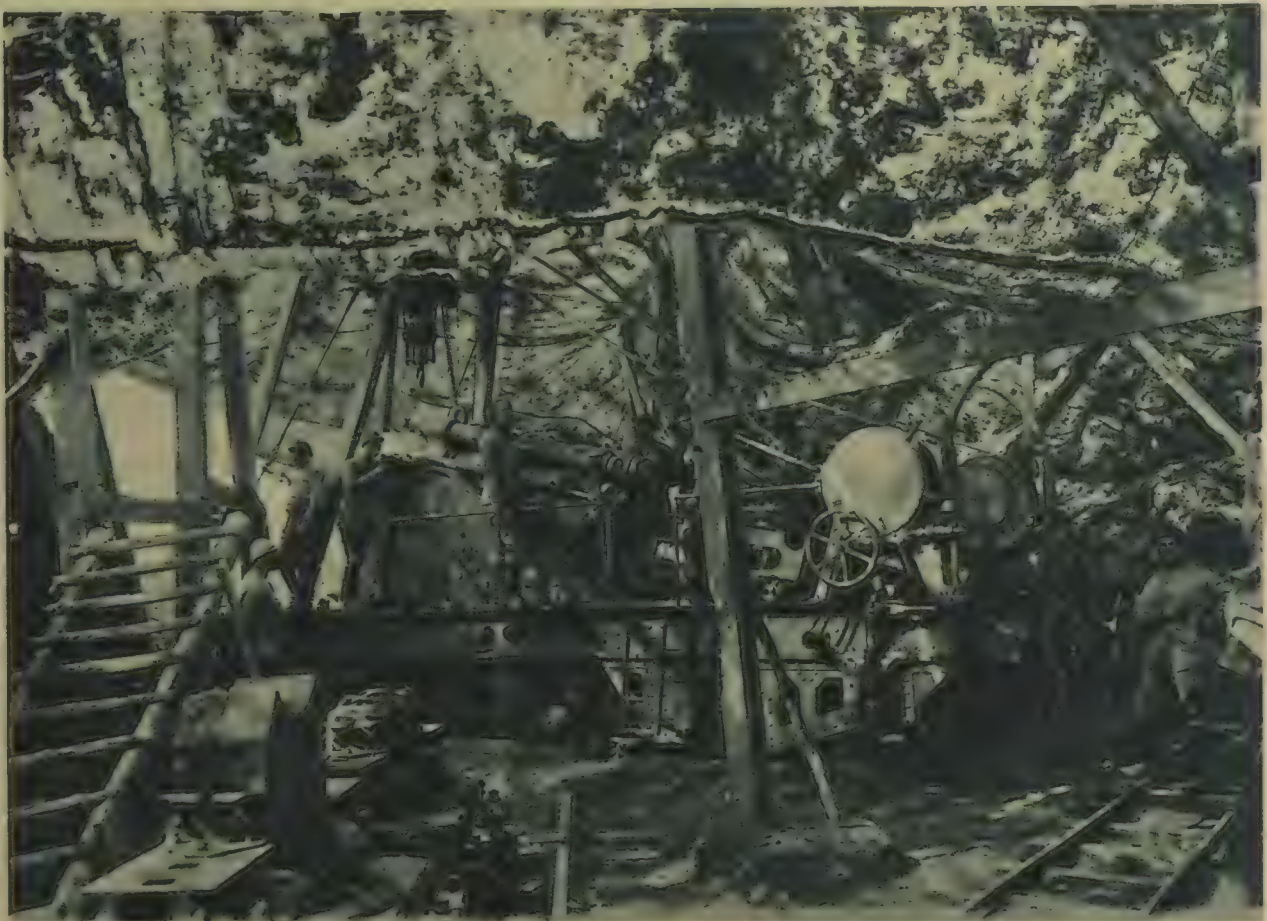
"The Serbs and Bulgarians," says the Paris "Expert Commentator" (the French equivalent of the former "Eye-Witness" at the British front), "are at grips for the possession of the railway from Monastir to Salonika, in the region where the line goes round Lake Ostrovo. Our gallant Serbian allies are repelling with great obstinacy the most desperate Bulgarian attacks." Our illustrations show Serbian soldiers of the revived and reorganised Serbian Army as they are now taking the field successfully. France has had the principal part in their re-equipment in war matériel, as, incidentally, the first, fourth, and fifth illustrations show. In the first illustration the gun-team of a "Soixante-

Quinze" provided by France is seen in action, wearing steel helmets and French-cut uniforms. In the fourth illustration a French mountain-gun, as used in the French batteries brigaded with the Chasseurs Alpins, is seen in action. In the fifth illustration Serbians are using a French pattern Hotchkiss automatic gun against Bulgarians opposite, six hundred yards away. One of the Serbians, lying on his back (possibly because of a wound) is seen engaged in supplying the gunner with the rigid clips of cartridges which in the case of the Hotchkiss gun take the place of the flexible belt that is used with the Maxim gun of the British service.

ON THE SOMME FRONT: THE BUSINESS-LIKE FRENCH ARTILLERY.



ONE OF THE LATEST THINGS IN MOBILE ARTILLERY: A FRENCH MOTOR BATTERY HALTED WHILE EN ROUTE TO ITS FIRING POINT.



A FRENCH BIG GUN AT ITS FIRING POINT: SCREENED FROM ENEMY OBSERVATION BY A SPECIES OF LEAFY PERGOLA.

In addition to the regular horsed batteries of artillery of the orthodox kind, field and heavy artillery, there are on the Western Front, as our upper illustration shows, motor batteries of artillery of various calibres—light guns, medium guns, heavy guns. One of the French motor batteries, which can manoeuvre in the open with the same exactness of dressing and intervals between the guns as regular batteries of the older type, is seen on a road to the front, temporarily halted to await orders as to destination or firing point. The gunners and motor-drivers of the battery, seen in service kit with

steel helmets, all travel on the motor carriages with the guns, instead of, as with horsed batteries, riding on the gun-carriages, limbers, and ammunition-wagons or caissons. In the lower illustration a French heavy gun, such as travel on specially laid lines of rail by reason of their ponderous weight, is seen at its place of action, about to open fire when the telephoned order arrives. To screen its position from prying enemy eyes in "spotting" aircraft or from view by telescopes in the enemy's lines far in front, a special pergola-like overhead leaf-and-branch screen has been erected.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT: CELEBRATIONS IN JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



A YOKOHAMA GARDEN PARTY: (L. TO R.) VICE-ADMIRAL KATO; MARQUIS OKUMA (PREMIER); MAYOR ANDO; M. KRUPENSKY (RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR); VISCOUNT ISHII.



AT THE SEIYOKEN, UENO PARK, TOKIO: (L. TO R.) BARON SHIBUSAWA; PRINCE TOKUGAWA; MR. NAKANO; M. KRUPENSKY; MARQUIS OKUMA.



A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT IN THE UENO PARK CELEBRATIONS: PART OF A GREAT LANTERN PROCESSION OF 40,000 PEOPLE.



A VERY POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT AT THE YOKOHAMA GARDEN PARTY IN HONOUR OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT: A GEISHA DANCE.



A RUSSIAN CONTRIBUTION TO THE GARDEN PARTY: THE KAMENSKY COMPANY OF RUSSIAN DANCERS, WITH THE MAYOR OF YOKOHAMA (THIRD FROM LEFT.)

The Agreement concluded between Russia and Japan regarding affairs in the Far East, and signed at Petrograd early in July, was made the occasion of enthusiastic celebrations in Japan. On July 18 the municipality of Yokohama gave a grand garden party at the Recreation Ground, which was attended by the Premier, Marquis Okuma, the Russian Ambassador, M. Krupensky, and other notabilities. Among the entertainments were dances by Japanese geisha and a company of Russian dancers. The first photograph shows the opening of the proceedings with the playing of the "Kimigayo" by a Japanese

naval band. At Tokio, on July 20, celebrations were held at the Seiyoken in Ueno Park, the largest pleasure-ground of the capital. Congratulatory addresses were read by Prince Tokugawa and the Russian Ambassador, and the Marquis Okuma also spoke. A dinner party followed, and in the evening there was a great lantern procession, in which 40,000 people participated. They marched to the Imperial Palace, where they gave three cheers for the Emperor, and then to the Russian Embassy, where a congratulatory address was read by Mr. Hoskins, president of the committee which organised the procession.

RUSSIANS WHO TAKE MANY PRISONERS: COSSACKS AND CAPTIVES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



WITH A WOUNDED ENEMY ON A COSSACK'S HORSE: SOME OF THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN CAVALRY BRINGING IN AUSTRO-GERMAN PRISONERS.

According to statements in Petrograd telegrams, upwards of half-a-million German and Austrian prisoners had been taken up to the last week of August by the armies under the supreme command of General Brusiloff. The bulk of the prisoners fall to the Cossacks in following up the broken battalions of the enemy. They are likely to be heard of more and more now that the Russians are getting through the enemy's main fortified defence belt. The Cossacks spread themselves over the country in pursuing

detachments between and in advance of the main attacking columns after each battle. To harry the Austrian and German fugitives is a rôle the Cossacks are specially adept at. With the humanity characteristic of all Russian soldiers, to whatever branch of the Army they belong, the Cossacks do what they can for enemies they come across. As seen in the illustration, they help along the footsore or give lifts on horseback to those unable to walk.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY.



A SCENE IN A 16TH-CENTURY ALCHEMIST'S WORKSHOP.



THE EMPEROR RUDOLF II. CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (16TH CENTURY).



THE HOUSE OF NICHOLAS FLEAME (16TH CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

EVERYBODY should be convinced by this time that flies in a house are a danger to the health of its human inhabitants. The fact that they breed and are bred in filth, their habit of vomiting over everything they touch, their capacity as carriers of disease-germs, and, last but not least, the nervous irritation they cause both by buzzing in one's ears and crawling over the exposed surfaces of the head and hands—all this makes them the most undesirable of house-companions.

As against these drawbacks, the one good deed that can be credited to them is the laying of eggs in putrefying meat which quickly hatch out into maggots or "gentles," and thereby prevent us from ingesting ptomaines or other fatal products of putrefaction. As, however, anyone possessed with a working sense of smell can give the same warning as the gentles, it seems hardly worth while to put up with the disagreeable companionship of the fly for the sake of this slight benefit.

The problem, then, is how to rid our houses of these unpleasant guests. One of the oldest and not the least efficient methods is to put about the rooms the sticky sheets covered with a preparation of beer and sugar, called "catch-em-alive-oh's"; another, to use papers soaked in an arsenical solution and set afloat in a shallow vessel of water. The drawback is that in either case you have to remove the corpses of your victims, and that you get more than your fair share of living flies. Whether the fly works by sight, by scent, or by both combined, is not yet accurately determined; but it is certain that the news that sugar is to be had for the hunting in the case of the sticky stuff, and water in that of the fly-paper, spreads among the buzzing tribe like the Fieri Cross in the Highlands; and in a short time after either trap is laid you will have hundreds of victims anxious to immolate themselves over and above those who would normally visit you. This inconvenience is avoided by the use of sprayers, such as are now sold at a fairly reasonable rate, which squirt into the air a solution of formaline or some other fly-destroying liquid, after the manner of the German *Flammenwerfer*. This kills or stupefies the flies, so that they can easily be swept up, but involves a certain amount of labour on the part of their executioners, as also a corresponding expense. A pleasanter but not so effective remedy, of the same kind, is to fill the room with the scent of

sweet-pea blossoms, which, if strong enough, renders flies insensible, and perhaps drives them away.

The genius of our French friends, however, has now hit upon another plan, which is free from all the drawbacks just described. M.M. Galaine and Houlbert, in a recent communication to the Académie

from their unwelcome attentions. But, as living in the dark during our few hours of sunlight to escape the flies would be like burning down one's house to get rid of the rats, it occurred to the two French savants just named to inquire whether what is darkness to the flies is darkness to us, and they found that it is not. A series of careful experiments with a room lighted by only one window, and that filled with panes of glass of different colours, convinced them that the eye of the house-fly is only sensitive to a small part of the solar spectrum as visible to us.

Thus to the fly, red light is darkness, as are violet and indigo. Blue and green affect him slightly, but unpleasantly; while the yellow and orange rays are tolerated, but avoided if possible—the four last colours probably producing on him a twilight effect. Hence you have only to filter the sunlight admitted to your apartment through a screen of red, blue, or green glass to immobilise its fly population, and to deceive them into thinking it is night.

The beauty of this method is, as its authors point out in their communication, that it is strictly scientific. In a closed room lighted by a window of blue glass, the flies already there remain inactive. But this is not all. If an exit be provided for them, admitting a shaft of white light, they all make through it to join the open air, and you thus augment the number of departures. At the same time, you reduce the number of arrivals, for the fly is as unoriginal as a German, and is as likely to try to bore an entrance into what seems to him a dark room through an out-rushing crowd of his fellows as a playgoer to seek an entrance to his place of amusement just when the audience is leaving it.

Hence a window fitted with coloured glass containing a swinging pane through which white light can be admitted, answers all the purpose, and MM. Galaine and Houlbert suggest that such an affair should be fitted in all hospitals and hospital-ships whenever practicable. As no one but a photographer wants to live in a red room, they suggest that the prevailing colour of the glass shall be blue or green, although, as they point out, the many-coloured glass of our cathedrals can and does produce the same effect. If this were done, our wounded, especially in hot climates, would have reason to rejoice that the fly is naturally afflicted with what we call colour-blindness, and the French "Daltonisme."

F. L.



DRESS FOR FLYING-MEN: EXPERIMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The officer commanding the United States Army's first Aero Squadron is having experiments made with a view to finding the best dress for naval and military flying-men. Four "uniforms" tested are shown here. The officers on the left and right are wearing reindeer-skin coats; the coat which looks like astrachan is buffalo; the other uniform is of canvas, with a covering for the head and the lower part of the face.

Photograph by C.N.



AT THE SALONIKA FRONT: A RELIEF PARTY OF TRENCH-MORTAR BOMBERS COMING OUT OF A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.

in the dark, which looks as if they hunt by sight rather than by scent. Hence, as most Eastern travellers know, a carefully darkened room is generally free

from their unwelcome attentions. But, as living in the dark during our few hours of sunlight to escape the flies would be like burning down one's house to get rid of the rats, it occurred to the two French savants just named to inquire whether what is darkness to the flies is darkness to us, and they found that it is not. A series of careful experiments with a room lighted by only one window, and that filled with panes of glass of different colours, convinced them that the eye of the house-fly is only sensitive to a small part of the solar spectrum as visible to us.

A PICTURE BY THE CAMERA: A FIRST COMMUNION IN ALSACE.



PRAYERS AT THE GRAVES OF SOLDIERS FALLEN IN THE WAR: THE COMMUNICANTS.

The simple dignity of this solemn service in an Alsatian village, with the white-garbed girls and the boys with their white armlets, who are attending their first Communion, is very evident, although no "golden croziers" or white-robed acolytes are to be seen. The association of the young girls with this service, so reminiscent of the brave men who held their lives in their hands every hour and laid them down gladly at the call of their country, is full of sympathetic suggestion. The first Communion

is always an epoch-making incident in the spiritual life of both girls and boys; and, coupled as it was, in this Alsatian ceremony, with the memory of the men who have given their lives for France and civilisation, it will remain an ineffaceable memory. "When her prayer was done," it has been said of a girl at her First Communion, "she still kneeled there . . . on her face the look that made people say, 'What does she see?—the angels or the dead?'"

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAPAYETTE, LANGFIER, ELLIOTT AND FRY, STUART, MAULL AND FOX, KETURAH COLLINGS, AND HILLS AND SAUNDERS.



MAJOR D'ARCY EDWARDES,
Dragoon Guards, attached Welsh Regt. Son of
late George Edwardes, the famous theatrical
manager.



LIEUT.-COL. C. E. BOOTE,
N. Staffs Regt. Son of late
Richard Boote, of Shallow-
ford, Norton Bridge.



MAJOR W. W. MOORS,
Canadian Infantry. Reported
by the War Office as killed in
action.



LIEUT.-COL. J. L. SWAINSON, D.S.O.,
Royal Lancaster Regt. Twice mentioned in
despatches. Son of Mrs. Swainson, Stonecroft,
Kendal.



CAPTAIN B. SWINTON SMITH-MASTERS,
Essex Regt. Awarded Military Cross.
Son of Rev. J. E. Smith-Masters,
Banbury.



2ND LT. BASIL C. UMNEY,
R. Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Percy Umney, Roelin,
King's Road, Richmond.



CAPT. J. H. GULLILAND,
Essex Regt. Son of Mr. Colin
C. Gulliland, of Calcutta, and
Glenholme, North Foreland.



CAPTAIN J. P. TIGHE,
Royal Irish Regt. Fought in South Africa and
India. In present war awarded D.C.M. and
Russian Order of St. George.



STAFF-CAPTAIN JOHN GRAHAM
HURDWOOD,
Infantry Brigade. Killed in action. Resided
at Whitford House, St. Margaret's-on-Thames.



CAPT. W. G. CASSELS,
Border Regt. Left St. John's
College, Cambridge, to join the
Army, October 1914.

CAPT. BASIL HALLAM
RADFORD, R.F.C.
The brilliant young actor "Basil
Hallam." Killed on service.



CAPT. H. C. MULKERN,
R.A.M.C. Killed on service.
Was in practice at Kingston-
on-Thames before the war.



CAPTAIN K. H. A. KELLIE, M.B.,
M.R.C.P.,
Royal Army Medical Corps. Physician to the
Belgrave Hospital for Children.



LIEUT.-COL. JULIAN TENISON, 'R.N.,
Son of late Charles MacCarthy Tenison
and of Mrs. Tenison, Rosetti Garden
Mansions, S.W.



2ND LT. G. C. WEDGWOOD,
R. Irish Rifles. Son of Rev. George R. Wedgwood, 33, Col-
lege Gardens, Belfast.



2ND LT. P. E. WEDGWOOD,
R. Irish Rifles. Son of Rev. G.
R. Wedgwood, Belfast. Brother
of 2nd Lt. G. C. Wedgwood.



2ND LIEUT. H. E. WHIT-
GREAVE,
Somerset L.I. Son of Mrs.
Whitgreave, of Cleveland.



MAJOR PERCY ANTHONY,
Welsh Regt. Fought in South Africa,
Queen's medal, five clasps. Son of Mr.
Charles Anthony, of Hereford.



PTE. LEONARD G. COLD-
WELLS,
London Regt. Son of Mr. J.
G. Coldwells, F.S.A.A.



2ND LIEUT. FRANCIS B.
COLDWELLS, B.A. (Oxford),
Devonshire Regt. Son of Mr.
J. G. Coldwells, F.S.A.A.



2ND LIEUT. CHARLES A.
COLDWELLS,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. J. G.
Coldwells, Winchester House.



THE WAITING LIST.

Dunlop: And, how's the car running?

Her Ladyship: To tell you the truth, Mr. Dunlop, I never even see it nowadays! The girls are using it—turn and turn about, you know—meeting men back on leave from the Front and taking them to their homes or across London to other stations.

Dunlop: So you're car-less yourself?

Her Ladyship: Only temporarily. I've got my name down for a British-built car the moment shells and things like that are done with.

Dunlop: Er—!

Her Ladyship (smiling): *Of course!*

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SIR HENRY LUCY "NEARING JORDAN."

THE reader of the recollections which Sir Henry Lucy has based on his diaries and correspondence under the whimsically pathetic title of "Nearing Jordan" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) feels increased regret at *Punch's* recent Parliamentary record: "Business Done—Toby M.P.'s." As a journalistic entertainer Sir Henry's style, so light and yet so sure, is inimitable, and in his latest volume he gathers up life-long impressions and experiences in his dearest manner. Like all mortals, of course, he is fallible. There are one or two obvious errors in his volume. For instance, apropos of the Parnell "tragedy," he places the dramatic scenes of Committee Room XV. in the session of 1886. This was the year, not of the Irish rupture, but of the Liberal split on Home Rule; the tragedy of Parnell's career and the scenes which rendered Room XV. memorable in Nationalist annals did not occur till 1890. The journalist, according to the protest of a great newspaper proprietor, is regarded by the politician in the character of a poor relation. Sir Henry Lucy's record, however, makes us realise how much the Parliamentarian owes to the journalist. A number of men became as it were national figures for a time merely because he used them as the puppets of his play, and since he ceased to exhibit them they have been forgotten except by a few of their contemporaries. As a journalist Sir Henry Lucy has been extremely fortunate in his friendships. Letters published in his volume show how much he was taken into confidence with reference to great persons and great events. There is a touching letter from Lady Audrey Buller, dated December 1902, telling him of Sir Redvers' enthusiastic reception wherever he went. "Instead of the feeling of the people and of the army having cooled with regard to him," she says, "it appears to be stronger and warmer than ever." Perhaps none of Sir Henry Lucy's journalistic contemporaries has been admitted

to the same extent behind the political scenes. Even persons who consider themselves well-informed may be surprised to learn from a letter from Lady Fanny Marjoribanks (afterwards Lady Tweedmouth) that her husband's appointment as Whip in 1892 was a great disappointment. "But," she wrote to Sir Henry Lucy, "he deems it an honour to serve Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Party in any capacity where most useful, and it is not for me to find



EVIDENCE OF FRANCE'S ARTILLERY POWER: A STACK OF SHELL-CASES FROM THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD COLLECTED, TO BE TAKEN TO THE REAR BY MOTOR-LORRIES

Photograph by Topical.

fault or place difficulties in the way." Mr. Marjoribanks was one of the greatest Whips, and the loss of his services in that capacity by his succession to the Peerage in 1894 may have contributed to the downfall of the Government in the following year. It was not till the formation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Administration in December 1905 that Lord Tweedmouth became First Lord of the Admiralty, and by that time Lady Tweedmouth had passed from the scene of political disappointments and gratifications.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HIGH JINKS." AT THE ADELPHI.

WARRANTED to calm the angriest temper and lift into joviality the most dismal of pessimists—such was the virtue of the perfume to which the new Adelphi musical comedy owes its title of "High Jinks," and such is the description that can be quite truthfully given of the entertainment itself. That perfume idea is the making of the piece, and proves as serviceable to audience as to author or authors, whoever they may be. It enables them or the English adapter, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, to tie their plot into the most distracting of knots and clear the whole tangle in a moment for fresh complications of fun. It permits the audience to luxuriate in the maddest of muddles, and at the same time saves them from the tedium of being guided out of them by too laborious an ingenuity. Nor should one omit the service it does the actors, in permitting all and every one of them, from Mr. W. H. Berry, as the American specialist, downwards, opportunities for indulging in rollicking spirits, and contributing a share in dancing, or song, or other form of merriment to this maze of matrimonial confusion. Mr. Berry is given the richest part he has been blessed with throughout his career; hear him as he warbles with Miss Violet Blythe about "What is Life without Love"; watch his doctor's nervous movements as he dodges the anger of the Spanish husband whom he has provoked, and you will be grateful for these "High Jinks." Listen to pretty Miss Nellie Taylor in her waltz song, or to that sure favourite, Miss Marie Blanche; see Mr. Tom Walls's wonderful dancing, or turn to the vivacious acting of Miss Jeanne St. Bonnet, and again you will thank the perfume. Why, it has triumphed over the fact that there are no less than four authors of lyrics and four composers of "additional" numbers! The music, indeed, is worthy of the perfume—it is insidious, heady, exhilarating.

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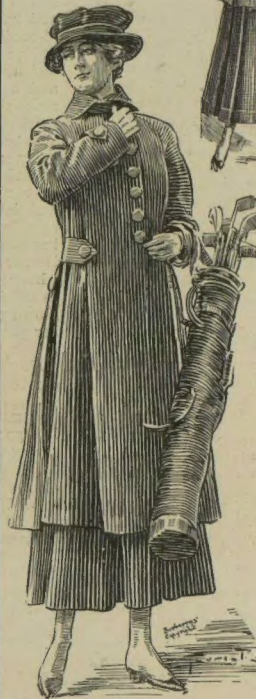


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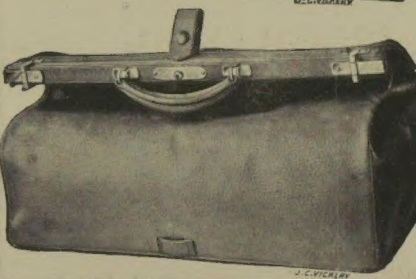
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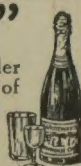
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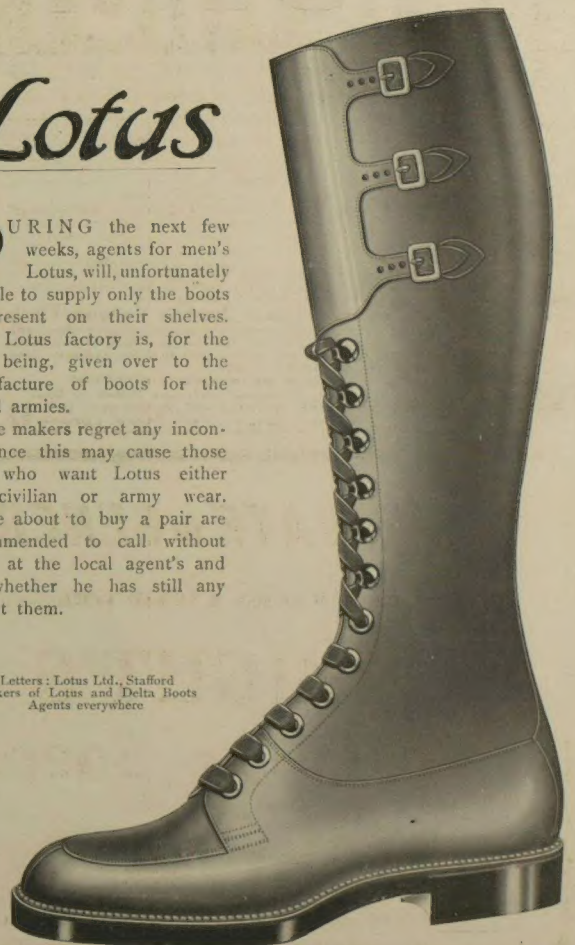


Lotus

DURING the next few weeks, agents for men's Lotus, will, unfortunately be able to supply only the boots at present on their shelves. The Lotus factory is, for the time being, given over to the manufacture of boots for the Allied armies.

The makers regret any inconvenience this may cause those men who want Lotus either for civilian or army wear. Those about to buy a pair are recommended to call without delay at the local agent's and see whether he has still any to suit them.

Letters: Lotus Ltd., Stafford
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LITERATURE.

"The Picture Ramayana."

India's magnificent rally to the cause of the King-Emperor has immensely strengthened the bond of sympathy between the British people and their Indian fellow-citizens. This feeling should, and no doubt will, lead to a great extension of popular interest in Indian literature and legend.



A WELL-KNOWN WELSH SPORTSMAN AND HIS WIFE:
MR. AND MRS. HASTINGS WATSON.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings Watson, who are here seen in their 14-h.p. Humber, in the grounds of St. Fagan's, are, in times of peace, enthusiastic supporters of the Glamorgan Hunt, and very popular in hunting and sporting circles throughout Glamorganshire.

Hitherto, perhaps, the great Indian epics have rather baffled the ordinary British reader by their length, their difficult names, and the erudite form in which they have mostly been published. There are no such obstacles to the enjoyment of "The Picture Ramayana," compiled and illustrated by the Chief of Aundh (Bombay: the British India Press, Mazgaon). The author has chosen episodes from the story of Rama, and assigned to each an illustration in colour and a brief description, usually about half a page in length, written in the easiest language. The result is an ideal introduction of the "Ramayana" to the average British reader, for it has the merits both of extreme simplicity and of the authentic Indian atmosphere, both in the illustrations and in the narrative. The colour-plates, about seventy in number, depict each event with true Oriental fidelity to detail, clearness of outline, love of bright colours (skillfully harmonised), and, in some cases, elaborate design. The volume contains a foreword by Lord Sydenham, and a preface summarising the story by

Mr. C. A. Kincaid. In heartily commending the book to our readers, we cannot do better than quote Lord Sydenham's concluding words: "The Chiefs of India, in the past and the present, have shown themselves able to wield the pen with effect; but I know of none who have illustrated their works with their own hands, and I believe this book to be unique. Mr. Kincaid rightly states that the English reader will gain from it 'clear and definite conceptions of how the story presents itself to Indian minds,' and this is a great advantage. The Chief of Aundh has selected the scenes which appealed most to him, and has given them the setting which seemed most appropriate. Only an Indian mind could make the selection which is most typical of Indian thought, and only an Indian artist could present the pictures which correspond most faithfully to Indian imagination. The 'Ramayana,' therefore, comes to us in a new garb, helping us better to understand the influence of the dim past upon the India that we know and love. This is exactly the kind of knowledge which is needed by all who are called upon to minister to the growing wants of her people. There is no true sympathy without understanding."

Hinduism.

It goes without saying that a truly religious man will always feel that his beliefs, properly understood and conscientiously carried out, will save the world. If he chance to be a follower of one of the great faiths that seek and ensue peace he is bound to look upon world strife as a manifestation of the failure of Christianity. So it is not surprising to find among the books for which war is responsible an eloquent little volume of some hundred pages called "Hinduism: The World Ideal" (Cecil Palmer and Hayward). The author is Mr. Harendranath Maitra, editor of "A Voice from India," and he is fortunate in having secured a preface from Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who notes with pleasure that "he is not afraid of being what is called paradoxical: that is, he is ready and eager to defend what would be

called the least defensible parts of his case." Most of us have always been well assured that there must be some manner of defence for caste, suttee, and other institutions that appear repugnant to the Western world. Mr. Maitra advances his defences and they do not defend—at least, they will fail to convince the average thoughtful European. What the author overlooks is the salient truth that war is not a failure of religion, it is a failure of man. If all Europe had applied to its problem the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount, there had been no war. Our religions, whatever they be, do not fail us, we fail them, and sometimes, as at present, our failure is complete. Hinduism has bred its rogues, just as Christianity, Mohammedanism, Judaism; but the rogues have been bred in spite of religion, not on account of it. Then, too, there is the question of climate in relation to faith and morals—a very large question, and one, seemingly, that Mr. Maitra has overlooked. But while we may find it difficult or even impossible to accept the suggestion that Hinduism can save the Western world, we must needs be grateful to one who paints his faith in such alluring colours, and shows that devotion to it can develop a restfulness and a quiet confidence in life that the Western



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world in its terrible pursuit of progress has altogether lost. Mr. Maitra has not convinced us, but we are glad to have his very interesting and valuable book.

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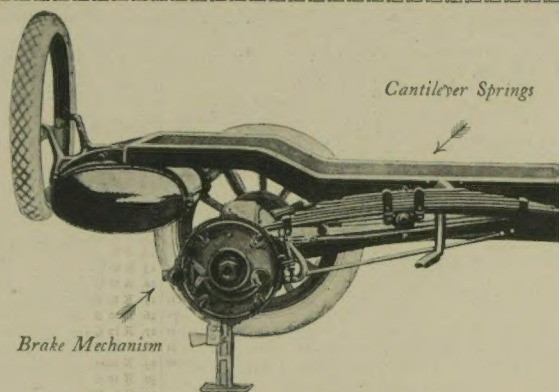
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REPORTS TO
Academy of Medicine, Paris,
(10th November, 1908).
Academy of Sciences, Paris,
(14th December, 1908).



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NEW NOVELS.

"The Luck of the Strong." In the sea-world of Mr. William Hope Hodgson, wonders are the reader's daily food. This is not, perhaps, remarkable in an age when novelists are constrained (as Stevenson might put it) to batter themselves into a frenzy of imagination, and when we bid fair to find ourselves bankrupt of literary sensation. No; but the astonishing (and delightful) thing about "The Luck of the Strong" (Eveleigh Nash) is to find so much fine, crisp writing, such a song in the sea breezes, and so much actuality in these lively portraits of adventurers. The "glamorous throng who haunt the strange coasts of Adventure" carry off their incredible fortunes with a stunning air of conviction. To read "The Luck of the Strong" is to sit down to a feast of thrills. There are tales of bullying sea-captains who ravish pearls from demon-haunted islands; tales of golden dollars by the handful and the sack; tales of "pay-dirt" and gunning on the Pacific coast, and last but not least, the most enchanting story of a millionaire's safe and a master-burglar. Mr. Hodgson baulks at nothing, and adventures under the sea or on the sea, or, as in the burglar's case, under the earth, are all one to him. What a storehouse the man's mind must be! He is generous to a fault with its treasure, and "stressed with a wild heaven," indeed, are the storm-tossed souls of his strange stories.

"The Wind's Will." "The Wind's Will" (Cassell) is a graceful novel, that comes at the right time with its light-footed Anglo-French romance. It is a story of Paris of a hundred years ago—Paris of the occupation—and the shadow of the great Duke falls for an instant across its pages. But Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have nothing so ponderous as a historical novel in their minds; this is to be the love-story of two young things, Collette, the French maiden, and Geoffrey Swifte, the English cavalry captain. They are both sincere and simple-hearted people, and the course of their true love might have run smoothly enough if it had not been for Geoffrey's first love, the ambitious Augusta, and for the riot of malice and gossip that threatened to trample out their innocent happiness. It is not for us to disclose what happened, both to them and to Augusta and the gossips; so good a plot is better left to the reader to unravel. "The Wind's Will" is fragrant with flowers, and spring air, and the sunshine of France. There is not a stuffy corner in it—no, not a single pessimistic cobweb. The birds sing; the wind blows; the wicked are confounded, and youth triumphant dances out of the last page, to live happily for ever after. There ought to be a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Castle.

"Hearts and Faces." The colourless title of "Hearts and Faces" (The Bodley Head) is an inadequate introduction to Mr. J. Murray Gibbon's book, which is a vigorous and manly story. If Mr. Gibbon is a new writer, as the title-page would suggest, he is heartily to be congratulated on a piece of work that is as able as it is intelligent. He is happy, too, in having found a fresh field, even in these latter days of the making of many books. Scotland without the kail-yard, London through the eyes of an Aberdonian—these are good sound matter, and well worth treating, as he treats them, with plenty of elbow-room and a deliberate observation. Aberdeen has its painters not less than its University students; accordingly, the hero of "Hearts and Faces" is a painter who learns the first lessons of his art while he is a young man at King's College, from a rugged old Scot who perceives the stuff that is in him before his brush has touched a canvas. Women drift across George Grange's

path, wandering wisps of women; but, on the whole, we seem to see that a reasonable male has summed them up as inferior beings—unless, to be sure, they wear the bonnet and create the oatcake and apple-jelly of excellent Mrs. Middleton, a capital type of the intellectual Scottish housewife. It is a good book, well mixed with brains.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F L BISHOP (Southampton).—Your problem is correct, but it is very unusual to commence three-movers with a check, however great the sacrifice.

J WATTS (Upper Deal).—We will reply to your query in our next issue, if possible.

E J WINTER-WOOD (Paignton).—Very pleased to hear from you again. Your problem shall appear at an early date.

F L BANKS (Stratford).—We regret we are unable to comply with your request, having no file of the column available.

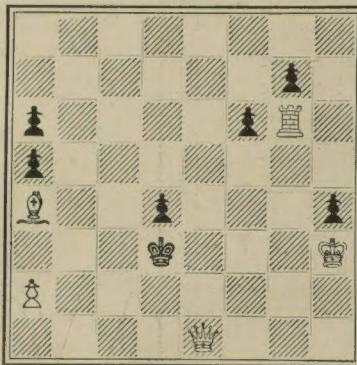
C A M (Ponang), Y KONTINEMI (Raahel).—You are quite right in your analysis of the position.

C F RATHBONE (Greenfield).—Problem to hand and under examination.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3737.—By R. C. DURELL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B 4th. Any move
2. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 3740.—By J. T. ANDREWS.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3735 received, from Y Kontinemi (Raahel, Finland); of No. 3736 from C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), J Isaacson (Liverpool), and F L Bishop (Southampton); of No. 3737 from F W Atkinson (Nottingham), C Field, G H Nankivell (Bournemouth), J Isaacson, J Marshall Ball (Buckhaven), G Sorrie (Stonhaven), and F L Bishop; of No. 3738 from J Verrall (Rudmell), L Chomé La Roque, J Isaacson, R C Durell (Wanstead), C A P (Bournemouth), H J B Leadlay (Guelph, Canada), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), and J Marshall Bell.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3739 received from H Grassett Baldwin (Farnham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bith), F J Overton, H J M, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J S Forbes (Brighton), C A P (Weybridge), W C D Smith (Northampton), J C Stackhouse, M E Osnow (Bournemouth), G Sorrie, H Terry (Exeter), C A P, T T Gurney (Cambridge), J Isaacson, J Dixon (Chelmsford), J Smart, R C Durell, and T Bevedes (Wakefield).

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between
Messrs. P. W. SERGEANT and H. JACOB.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	self, whilst holding the tightest of grips upon his opponent.	
2. P to Q B 4th	B to B 4th		
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd		
4. Q to Kt 3rd			
		13. Kt to Q sq	K R to Q sq
		14. B takes B	R takes B
		15. P to K 3rd	B to B 7th
		16. P to Q 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
		17. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt
		18. R takes B	R takes R (ch)
		19. K takes R	Kt to K 5th
		20. K to K 2nd	R to R 3rd
		21. P to Kt 3rd	R takes P
		22. B to R 3rd (ch)	K to Q sq
		23. R to Q sq	K to K sq
		24. B to Q 7th	K to K 2nd
		25. K to B 7th	Kt to Q 3rd
		26. B to R 3rd	R to Kt 6th
		27. R to Q 4th	P to K R 4th
		28. P to Kt 4th	P takes P (ch)
		29. K takes P	R to Kt 7th
		30. K to B 3rd	P to B 4th
		31. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th
		32. R takes Kt	

The alternative is either mate or loss of the Bishop.

32. P takes R (ch)

33. K takes P R takes B P

White resigns.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

FICTION.

"—And What Happened?" E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)
Coo-oo-ee. John Butler Cooper. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The West Wind. Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Constable.)
Because It Was Written. Princess Catherine Radziwill. 6s. (Cassell.)
The Half-Priest. Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
Roberts of Roseberry Gardens. Frances Duncan. 4s. 6d. (Constable.)
The War Wedding. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
The Monument. Tilk Taittingham. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)
A Tory in Arms. John Heron Lepper. 6s. (Grant Richards.)
Backwater. Dorothy Richardson. 6s. (Duckworth.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

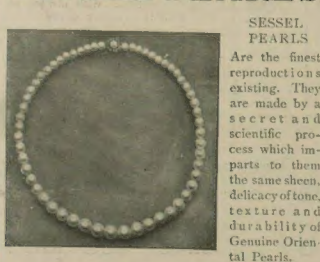
Uncensored Letters From the Dardanelles. By a French Medical Officer. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Russian Literature. Prince P. Kropotkin. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
The Decline of Liberty in England. E. S. P. Haynes. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)
The Stricken Land : Serbia as We Saw It. Alice and Claude Askew. 2s. 6d. net. (Nash.)
The Caedmon Poems. Charles W. Kennedy. 6s. net. (Routledge.)
A General Sketch of the European War : The Second Phase. Hilarié Belloc. 6s. net. (Nelson.)
Joffre and His Army. Charles Daybarn. 2s. 6d. net. (Mills and Boon.)
Songs of the Specials, and Other Verses. E. W. Fordham. 1s. 6d. net. (Palmer and Haywood.)

At the Philharmonic Hall may be seen an excellent production of the wonderful official films of the Battle of the Somme, of which we gave several examples in our issue of Aug. 26. They were recently released for public exhibition, and placed on view at a number of London theatres and halls. As mentioned under our photographs, they were taken right up at the front during the great advance, and show scenes of actual fighting. At the Philharmonic the programme also includes a film of the French offensive and the submarine moving pictures illustrating the Williamson expedition.

BIRTH.

ROGERS.—On the 24th inst., at Orleigh Court, Bideford, the wife of William Henry Rogers, Esq., of a son.

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